

Through a Woman's Eyes

RUSSIA—AND THE WAR.

By MAY CHRISTIE, M. A.

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The Russian temperament is not an easy one to understand. It admits of many vagaries. Highly emotional and moody, the Russians are yet curiously childlike in many ways, with all the impulsiveness of children and a charm which no one who has known them intimately can seek to deny.

As a race they are mystics, dreamers, those Russians. They have excellent minds. With all the ability to do great things, all the necessary foresight to map their lives out on Utopian lines, they seem to lack the painstakingness which after all means the making of a nation. As famous Turgenev says, will power is not their leading commodity.

Yet, like all impractical people, the Russians are very lovable. Their very idealism makes them so. Their passion for all things beautiful, whether in music or art, their imaginative qualities, their poetical fancies are all very attractive. Russia may not lead in matters of mechanical invention, trade and finance. But one thing she can boast of which many money-making races seem to have temporarily mislaid—and that is "soul."

"We are a sensitive people," said an old Russian the other day, "and have been greatly misunderstood in the past. Although our government is autocratic, we Russians are at heart the most democratic creatures in the world. This war has changed many things at home. I have just come from Petrograd and Moscow, and noticed with surprise the many alterations there. Before the war, one dared not speak with any criticism of governmental action. It was dangerous to mention official names in public places. The careful walked warily. And the careless walked to Siberia! But now things are different. There is much freedom of speech in the cafes and restaurants. One can talk out openly. We are hoping great things from this war for Russia."

There was a wistful look in the old

man's eyes as he spoke of his beloved country. He had a fine, scholarly face, but there was a look of moody introspection on it. It seems to me that all the Russians I meet have this look of wistfulness about them. They are firmly convinced that Russia will win. Russia to them is not merely a loved country, it is a religion. They will fight to death for her.

"Yet we Russians are not really a military people," said a young officer. "As a race we are not interested in the manufacture of big guns and the intricate inventions of war machines. We are lovers of peace and beauty, not of slaughter and military progress."

No one can deny the extreme bravery of the Russian soldier. Physically he is of splendid appearance. His courage outwardly takes the form of a resolute coolness which seldom varies, though officers have told me that under the phlegmatic gestures of the Muscovite and Cossack, a tempest of passion may be raging. "When the Russian soldier gets really excited, the only sign of it is that he becomes headstrong," said one of these. "It is hard to keep him back from hurling himself at the enemy. At such times discipline is terribly galling to him."

"He is a plucky fellow, too, and always dies with a prayer on his lips. Along the Russian frontier when the men are being carried back terribly wounded, you will invariably hear them murmur, if they are conscious: 'Glory be to God this day,' and try to pray aloud. Soldiers who pass them cross their foreheads, and murmur a blessing."

"They never complain, these wounded men. I shall never forget the sight of a poor Muscovite whose body had been shattered by shrapnel. He was carried back to the Red Cross station, an unrecognizable pulp of agony whom it was impossible to believe had ever been a man. Doctors and nurses knelt on the ground beside him, praying. Suddenly a

sound came from the crushed figure beside them: 'Glory be to God and Little Christ our Father!' Then there was silence, and we knew that the Muscovite was dead."

Night patrols form adventures such as the Russians, with their keen love of the mysterious and the unknown, thoroughly appreciate. They strike an imaginative note that is always quick to vibrate in the Russian spirit. There may not be the same amount of danger in the night patrol as in crawling up to the enemy trench. But it's a romantic expedition and leads to all manner of queer experiences.

An Englishman who accompanied one of these reconnaissance parties on neutral territory close to the Russian front was immensely struck by the skill of his companions. "They were wonderful," he said, "and seemed to enjoy their dangerous work thoroughly. Not one sign of fear. The only difficulty occasionally experienced was in keeping the men back. For when the true Russian has the lust of adventure aroused, he is not easy to control, and tries to carry everything before him."

"On returning to the lonely farmhouse which was our base, we saw one of those strange pictures which are so eloquent of war. In a big kitchen lit fitfully by a single guttering candle placed on a broken chair, was crouched a body of Cossacks, stationed there on duty. They sat around the walls, rifles at their knees and talking in whispers. In a great four-poster bed, sound asleep—or making pretense to sleep—lay a young Russian mother, her two children close beside her, arms entwined. Occasionally they stirred in their sleep, and the mother's arm would tighten round them, as though defending them against every danger. A great dog kept watch at the bottom of the bed, eyeing the soldiers fiercely."

"Stretched on a rug beside the stove was the husband. The Cossacks roused him twice, to make inquiries about the neighborhood. He answered sleepily and sullenly. And once one of the children woke and cried out in terror at sight of the rough-looking soldiers. The dog growled threateningly, but at a word from the man by the stove lay down again. The mother hushed the frightened child to sleep."

Along the Russian frontier, the peasants are still inhabiting those houses which remain intact from shells. They are curiously phlegmatic, these simple folk, though their position is far from

enviable. Constant night skirmishes take place beneath their windows. Invasions frequently occur. The menace of shot and shell hangs over them all the time. But they remain fatalistic, quite convinced that their exit from this world will come at the appointed time, and not a moment too soon.

A good deal of the Russian bravery is due to this fatalistic strain. Take the case of famous Gen. Brusiloff. Although he loves life and values it, he does not know the meaning of the word fear, and this is partly due to his firm belief that nothing can possibly happen to him before the appointed hour.

The Russian soldiers tell a good story of their beloved general in his earlier days. As a young officer he was placed under arrest for speaking his thoughts out rather too impetuously. It happened in this way: Brusiloff was traveling by train when another officer entered the carriage. The latter wore the long sleeveless overcoat which was introduced into the Russian army by Napoleon I, and Brusiloff was rather surprised when the newcomer abruptly told him to get up at once and salute. "Whom?" asked Brusiloff impudently. "Why, me, of course," cried the other, and, opening his coat, a bullet nearly so well as his trousers which mark a general.

"Sorry," said Brusiloff, in no whit abashed, "but I'm accustomed to recognize a general by his head and not by his legs."

Not very long ago, after his appointment as general of cavalry, Brusiloff had a very narrow escape. In the midst of an Austrian attack, a bullet penetrated his helmet, knocking it right off and bruising his head rather painfully. But the general would not even dimount from his horse to have the damage attended to. "The Austrians don't shoot nearly so well as they pretend to," he said nonchalantly, taking the battered helmet from his adjutant and replacing it with unshaking hand. "William Tell could shoot down an apple from the head without making bruises. Robin Hood did the same. But not so the Austrians."

All manner of tricks and queer devices have been employed by the Germans and Austrians against the Russians during this war, and some of them have been very deadly. A fighter in the Russian army speaks of many of these. "During the invasion of East Prussia by the Russians in the earlier part of the war," he says, "the Germans were compelled to abandon many transport wagons. One or two which I assisted in capturing were laden with wines and other delicacies, evidently private supplies of the German officer—not an uncommon thing in the German army, whose leaders were in the habit of taking empty carts with them in which to store the 'booty' they are so fond of talking about."

"Many of these vehicles stuck in the mud of the Spirding Lee region, which during the wet weather renders the district a vast marsh. We came up to one of these wagons. It seemed to have little the matter with it except that one of the wheels was off and lying on the road beside it. It was a Red Cross wagon and filled with medical stores. We wanted these badly. So our men were ordered to replace the wheel and find a team of horses to drag the capture away. This was done, and the transport was brought up four horses and harnessed them to the wagon."

"The moment it was moved, an appalling explosion occurred, and blew everybody and everything near at hand to atoms. There can be no doubt that the explosive was hidden in the wagon, and attached in some way to a firing apparatus fixed to one of the wheels. It was not the only incident of the kind which occurred, but they were not all equally successful."

The Germans in Poland employed "flag" tricks. They planted small flags of nearly every nationality—English, American, Dutch, or French—in prominent places. This caused a good deal of confusion in the minds of the troops as well as in the minds of the populace, and whenever the Russian officers or men approached to examine the little flags they were blown to pieces by hidden army artillery who had previously ascertained the angles. The placing of a tethered bullock in an open space was another favorite device. The Russians would walk up unsuspectingly to examine the animal, and the moment that a company of them had gathered together, a machine gun hidden in the bushes about 100 yards away would open fire and annihilate them."

Dummy Snipers were placed in the trees, too, by Austrians and Germans. The Russians would advance to capture them and at the moment of discovery that the sniper was merely a form of scarecrow, would be themselves shot down by hidden watchers."

Of the bravery of the Russian women little need be said, for it is well known. There are many soldiers in the Russian army whose feminine identity has not even yet been discovered. Twelve girls from a Moscow "select seminary" disguised themselves as boys and enlisted in the Russian army. After serving fourteen months at the front, one of them reached general headquarters, and no one would have suspected that she was a girl, but for the fact that she betrayed herself unthinkingly. She is only sixteen years old, with short curly hair and a handsome, boyish-looking face. Twice she had been badly wounded, once in the leg and once in the side. Moreover, she had been decorated with the war medal and with the much coveted Cross of St. George for her bravery."

The Russians as a whole are exceedingly courageous. One little non-commissioned officer with only four men so maneuvered the situation and his scanty forces that he actually captured three Austrian officers and forty men. The peremptory call for surrender was so incisive that the enemy imagined his forces to be superior to their own. Great was their disgust when too late they discovered their mistake."

Despite their dreamy nature, then, and their natural tendency to introspection and gentle melancholy, the Russians are wonderfully clever strategists, and as magnificent fighters as any in the present war.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"A wet year will make a full barn, but not of corn,"—Saying.

BREAKFAST.
Stewed Prunes, Cream and Cream.
Finnish Haddie.
Fried Potatoes, Peppercorns.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.
Stewed Ham, Sweet Potatoes.
Coron.
Gingerbread, Cheese.

DINNER.
Chicken Soup.
Roast Lamb, Potato Sauce.
Baked Macaroni.
Spinach.
Plain Lettuce Salad.
Peach Shortcake.

Finnish haddie—Soak the fish in cold water for one hour and boil ten minutes. Remove from the water and wipe dry. Rub with equal parts of olive oil and lemon juice and broil over a hot fire.

Sweet potatoes—Parboil the sweet potatoes. Peel and cut in slices lengthwise. Put in a casserole, pour over two tablespoons of melted butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake until the potatoes are soft.

Roast lamb and tomato sauce—Slice cold roast lamb in even slices. Trim and heat quickly in tomatoes cooked and strained. Remove the lamb and pour over the tomato sauce.

Funerals

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary E. Wells will be held at her residence, 229 H street northeast, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be made at the Glenwood Cemetery.

Funeral services for Robert R. Pietsch will be held from the residence of Mrs. S. E. Latimer, 1027 Vermont avenue northwest, this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Funeral services for Jeremiah J. Sullivan will be held at the residence of his son, Arthur J. Sullivan, 622 B street northeast, at 8:30 o'clock this morning. Mass will be said at the St. Joseph's Church at 9 o'clock.

Funeral services for Mrs. Agnes Dugan will be held at the Birch's undertaking establishment, 304 M street northwest, at 9:30 o'clock tomorrow morning.

President and Wife at Church.
The President and Mrs. Wilson attended services Sunday morning at the Central Presbyterian Church, after which they took a short automobile ride.

CROWDS AT OPEN-AIR SERVICES.

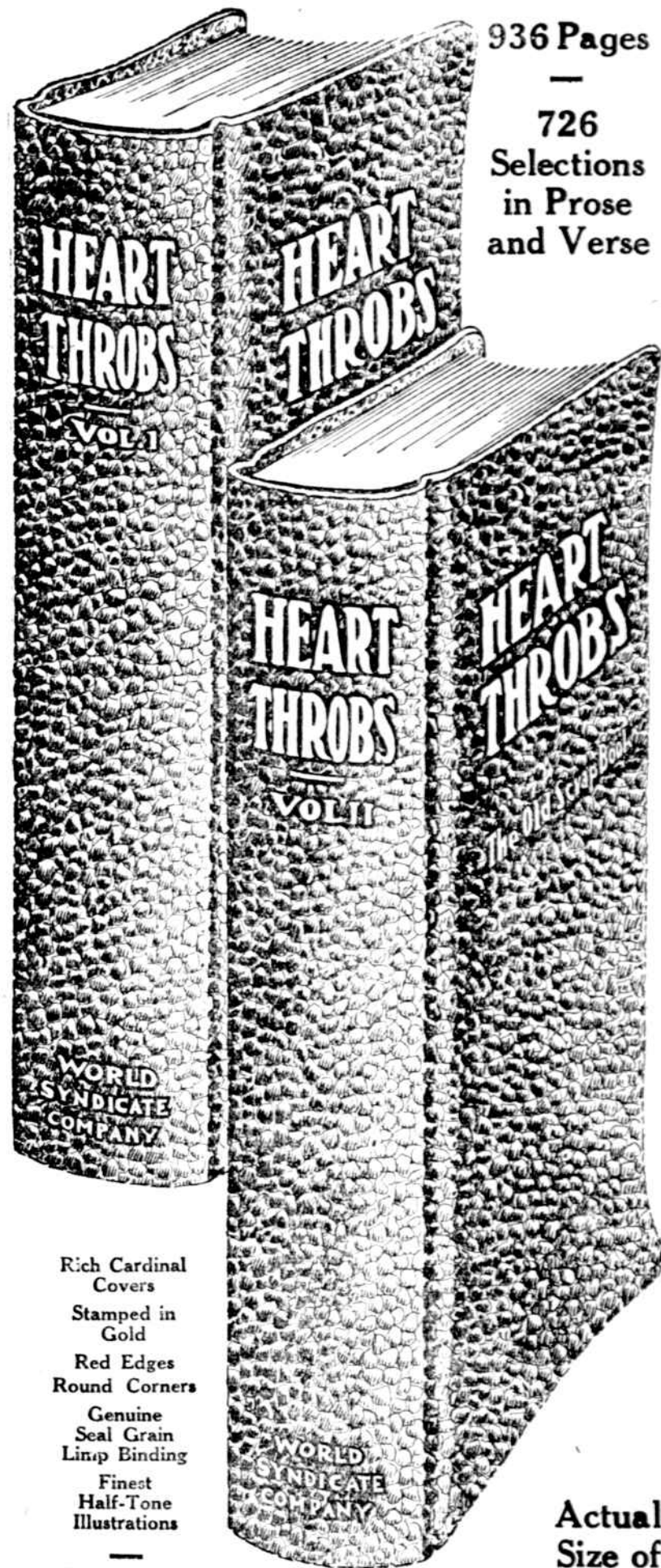
Nearly 800 persons attended the open-air services held in Lincoln Park yesterday afternoon, at which Rev. C. C. McLean, of the Douglas Memorial M. E. Church, delivered an address, in which he denounced "denominational differences." William K. Cooper, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, was unable to deliver the address that had been planned for the services yesterday. Charles M. Grist, of the Waugh M. E. Church, led the singing, assisted by fifteen children under 15 years of age.

GREAT MEN

do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. They are reticent concerning their inner lives, even to their intimates. But when we know the books they read, the verses that were their favorites, we can come near to tracing that trend of their hidden feelings.

There was always a strain of sadness and mystery in Abraham Lincoln. Born to sound the depths and to scale the heights of human existence, he was subject at times to moods of brooding melancholy. We look in vain for any explanation from his own words. His numerous biographers do not satisfy us on this point. But when we know that his favorite poem was William Knox's now famous verses "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" we seem to have some clew to the cause underlying this sombre trait of his character. This wonderful poem, found in volume 1 of "Heart Throbs," now being presented to readers of

THE WASHINGTON HERALD



may be said to expound a part, at least, of Lincoln's philosophy. Told in simple language, of a hackneyed metre and homely rhyme—he was fond of repeating stanzas from it, and often would recite the entire composition. To read it and know it, is the better to understand this heroic figure of American history.

50,000 people from every section of this country, in all the vocations and avocations of life, voting upon one proposition—would presumably express the average preference of millions of their countrymen—and women. That is what makes "Heart Throbs"—the two volumes now being presented by this paper to its readers—the most unique work ever published. It is filled from cover to cover with things that never grow old or die; the very things you wish a thousand times you had memorized, or knew where to find in print. There are more than seven hundred literary treasures that have endeared themselves to the masses of the plain people.

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